THE CITIZEN.

Del., Lack. and Western R. R.

Newark and Bloomfield Branch.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Glenridge—6.06, 7.17, 7.54, 8.30, 9.17, 10.37, 11.37, a m., 12.43, 1.43, 3.33, 4.42, 5.27, 6.13, 6.57, 8.18, 9.43, 11.08 p. m. 12.37 a. m.

Leave Bloomfield—6.08, 6.49, 7.19, 7.56, *8.32, 9.19, 10.35, 11.39, a m, 12.46, 1.45, 3.35, 4.44, 5.29, 6.15, 6.59, 8.20, 9.45, 11.10, p m, 12.39 a m.

Leave Watsessing—6.10, 7.21, 7.58, 9.21, 10.41, 11.41 a m., 12.49, 1.48, 3.38, 4.46, 5.31, 6.18 7.02, 8.23, 9. 48, 11. 12 p. m., 12.41 a. m.

* Does not stop at Newark.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave Barclay Street—6.30, 7.20, 8.10, 9.30, 10.30 11.20 a m, 12.40, *1.20, 2.10 3.40, 4.20, 4.50, 5.30, 6.30, 7.00, 8.30, 10.00, 11.30 p m.

Leave Newark for Bloomfield—6.20, 6.40, 7.15, 7.53, 8.43, 10.03, 11.03, 11.53, a m, 1.13, *1.53, 2.44, 4.13, 5.26, 6.03, 6.53, 7.40, 9.03, 10.38 p m, 12.08 a m

*Saturdays only.

NOTE—Leave Christopher street 5 minutes later than time given above.

New York & Greenwood Lake R. R.

Leave N. Y. Chambers st	Leave North Newark.	Arrive at Bloomfield.	Leave Bloomfield.	Leave Scho.	Leave North Newark.
AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM
6 00	6 42	6 49	5 37	5 40	5 44
9 00	9 33	9 39	7 06	7 09	7 14
12 00	12 36	12 43	7 56	7 59	8 06
PM	PM	PM			
2 00	2 33	2 40	8 29	8 32	8 36
3 40	4 13	4 19	8 56	8 59	9 04
4 40	5 17	5 23	10 28	10 31	10 38
			PM	PM	PM
5 10	5 44	5 50	1 38	1 41	1 45
5 40	6 17	6 23	3 18	3 21	3 25
6 20	6 57	7 03	4 54	4 57	5 01
8 00	8 33	8 39	6 34	6 37	6 41
	AM	AM			
12 00	12 31	12 38	9 28	9 31	9 35

Sunday Trains from New York, 9 00 A M and 7 45 P M. Sunday Trains from New York, via Orange Branch, 8 45 A M, 1 30, 6 00 and 9 15 P M. Sunday Trains to New York, leave Bloomfield at 8 08 A M and 7 12 P M.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Mails Close and Arrive as Follows:

CLOSE:	ARRIVE:	DELIVERY:
7 00 AM	8.20 AM	9:00 AM
8 15 AM	10:00 AM	
11:20 AM	1:30 PM	
3:15 PM	5:30 PM	6:00 PM
4:15 PM	HORACE DODD, *Postmaster.*	

Glen Ridge Post Office

Mails close and arrive as follows:

Close:	7.15 A. M.	Arrive:	8.08 A. M.
"	11.35 A. M.	"	1.26 P. M.
"	3.30 P. M.	"	5.37 P. M.

THOMAS MORITZ, Postmaster.

CŒUR-BRISE.

Marion Derby, tall, fair, exceptionally beautiful, comes in from a brisk walk on the sands, strolls, bright eyed and rosy and smiling, down the esplanade which fronts the Hygeia at Old Point Comfort, and drops into a chair in the pavilion. The wind blows freshly up from the Chesapeake, and the pavilion, which is built out into the water, is like the deck of a ship at sea. Marion suggests a picture of fair, fresh March. She sits staring out on the dancing, breeze tossed waters, her white gown blown about her, and her broad brimmed hat caught in the gale and flapped impertinently about her bright face. Finally a rowdy blast tears it off her shining head and carries it away in a mad frolic, fortunately shoreward. Marion rushes for it with exasperation, but it eludes her pursuit, as hats will, and goes spinning just out of her reach down the esplanade. It is June, an off season at the Hygeia, and the place is comparatively deserted. Marion had the chase all to herself, until, as she reached the ball room, a young man, standing in an open doorway, darted forward ahead of the hat, caught it and restored it—a young man with a dark, refined, handsome face. "A Spaniard," thought Marion as she took her hat, with eager thanks, and put it on, and held it down with two firm white hands. The young man looked at her with a sudden quickening of the pulses. Love at first sight happens just often enough in well regulated modern society to redeem it from absolute, prosaic commonplace.

Leonce Brissaye gave the careless, lovely girl before him his heart then and there. He gave her also a curious, pained expression. Let me see: it was like a man under sentence of death who an hour before his execution is shown a brilliant, mocking panorama of what life might be in beauty and sweetness. There! I have given you the key note of my story.

Robert Derby and his and Marion's cousin, Lily Fayre, came down the ball room suddenly and joined our two. Robert was an army lieutenant on a month's leave from his post in the far west. They were here for a fortnight, and Marion was chaperoning her brother's desperate wooing of Lily, who blew hot one day and cold the next, a capricious little gypsy beauty, as contradictory as her name was to herself. Brissaye lifted his hat and walked away, as Robert exclaimed: "Hullo! there you are, Marion. We have been looking for you all over the world." Then, when Brissaye was out of hearing, "Who's your friend?"

"You ask too much. He had just caught my hat from the teeth of the wind when you came up."

"Looks Spanish—Cuban," suggested Lily.

"Think so?" Robert demurred. "He looks more to me"— But at that moment the band tramped into the ball room and cut short his sentence. They clashed and crashed a march which signified that it was dinner time.

The Hygeia is like a great conservatory, all out of doors, inclosed in sheets of glass. Every one is conspicuous; every one sees every one else. In the middle of the airy, glaring dining hall sat a white haired, white bearded gentleman tranquilly eating his soup; next him sat Leonce, melancholy and dark. "Do you know who those two men are?" Robert Derby inquired, indicating the pair to an acquaintance who sat next him at the table.

"Bishop—Bishop Mainwaring, of the English church. The other man is his secretary. Very unusual, able man, the bishop. Making a tour of this country. Had a diocese in Africa somewhere."

"Oh," Robert said, and stared at the bishop; then at the secretary, but longer at the secretary. "That accounts. Picked him up there, I suppose?"

"Picked whom up where?"

"The dark fellow looks like a colored man."

"What nonsense!" cried Marion.

"What an idea!" Lily interjected.

"You're wrong there," said the acquaintance. "He's a Frenchman. Born in Algeria. I was told so by a friend of the bishop."

But Robert insisted. "Looks uncommonly as though he had darky blood in his veins. The type is unmistakable, for all his straight features."

Brissaye, glancing up, met Marion's direct, cloudless gaze fixed upon him. She withdrew it tranquilly; but a dark flush mounted to his swarthy face.

"The fellow knows we are talking about him," Robert said, heartlessly. "See him blush."

"We did stare," Marion admitted. "I am sorry. One can see that he is very sensitive. He looks like an artist."

"I knew a tonsorial artist once in New Orleans who was the image of him. He called his shop The Studio. That branch of art."

Robert was blessed with an inquiring mind, and he liked to be right. In the course of the afternoon he instituted inquiries in regard to the English bishop and his companion, while Marion paid visits in the fort with Lily. After tea he spent ten minutes or so looking for the girls, whom he finally discovered in the breezy pavilion wrapped in shawls. The night was dropping down in her soft dark mantle, but the girls' light dresses were still distinct in the faint starlight. Robert made himself entirely at home in a chair next Lily. "We appear to be the only revelers," said he, casting a casual glance about him. "Let me see! What was it I had to tell you?"—you, Marion, especially. Oh!—I was right about that private secretary; he is a cullud pusson, sure enough. Chaplain Ayres, of the fort, told me, and he had it from the bishop himself. So it comes straight. Of coorse he has white blood. His grandfather was a Frenchman: an exiled marquis, in fact, who gambled away his patrimony. He makes no secret of his birth, Ayres says. And the bishop did pick him up in Algeria. So Green was half right. But he shows the African distinctly. It's enough to look at his wool. Hard to get the kink out of that."

A chair scraped behind them; some one walked away quickly. Marion turned as quickly, with an uncomfortable misgiving. She laid her hand on her brother's arm as the person who had been their unseen neighbor passed under a light on reaching the esplanade.

"Oh, by George, I'm sorry for that!" Robert cried. "It's the fellow himself. By George, I am sorry! But there's no help for it. There's nothing to be done. I couldn't eat my words."

"How awfully sad!" sighed Marion. "Oh, how awfully sad! It's like being under a curse or a doom, or being a pariah or a leper. Oh, isn't it?"

"No, not exactly," Robert answered, prosaically. "But it's pretty rough. Yes, it is."

The next morning the guests at the hotel were greatly shocked to hear that the beautiful old bishop had died suddenly in the night. Heart disease. His long, saintly life had been closed by "a death from the gods." His secretary telegraphed to England for directions from the bishop's friends. In accordance with these he left immediately for Baltimore, whence the remains would be forwarded to Liverpool. In reply to friendly inquiries he stated that he would not go to England himself. Poor soul! he could not. He was left penniless by this sudden stroke. Thus it chanced that within twenty-four hours after crossing their path he drifted beyond the horizon of the Derbys.

In course of time Robert went back to his post triumphant, engaged. He would be promoted to his first lieutenancy within a year, when he would come east again and claim his bride. Meantime his sister would keep house for him—her first effort at housekeeping; she was barely out of school.

Robert and Marion had been a week at Fort Cameron when, one afternoon, some fresh troops arrived from a point further east. The Derbys were on horseback, a stone's throw from the fort, when these men marched in. Two other officers were of the riding party, and Marion was all animation and gayety as she sauntered along; she gave a casual glance only at the dusty soldiers; neither she nor Robert recognized one of them. But Brissaye knew the brother and sister in a moment. He would never forget Marion's lovely face until he ceased to breathe. He looked at her, gasped, staggered as though he had received a blow in the face, pulled himself together, and tramped on. But in that flash he had decided that Cameron was no place for him. Apart from the torture that it would be to see Marion constantly, there was another reason. In spite of the distinct evidence of his African descent to Robert Derby's keen vision, he had enlisted without difficulty as a white man. He had taken this means of coming west; he had hoped to get away from any one who knew of his antecedents thus, and after he had served out his time in the army, to strike out for himself in some business in one of the growing frontier towns. He had a good deal of pluck and courage, but fate seemed to have declared against him the day he arrived at Cameron. "There is a brand on my forehead," he groaned to himself as he tossed that night on his narrow bed. But he definitely made up his mind that he could not and would not stay on in a place where at any moment his accursed race might be thrown in his teeth.

The next night the adjutant rapped up Robert Derby with an order from the commanding officer. He was to take charge of a party of cavalrymen to go out in search of a man who had deserted within an hour. The party must get off at daybreak.

"You won't shoot him?" Marion inquired, anxiously, when she heard the news. "Who is it?" "Private Lyons, of Company B," which left her not much the wiser. Robert commended her to the good offices of Capt. Sterne's wife, who lived next door, and rode away at dawn.

It was a long day's search along the circuitous course of the Yellowstone. The theory was that the deserter had taken refuge in one of the many Indian camps near the river banks. The Indians were given to good turns of this kind. But tepee after tepee was ransacked without success.

"I believe he struck across country, after all," Robert said to himself. "Poor devil! wonder if he knows how easy it is to get lost on these plains?"

He was standing at the entrance of a tepee as he made this reflection. Near by was seated a coal black negro in Indian attire. "Black white man," grunted a young buck at his elbow. Robert nodded; it was a usual thing for negroes to become domesticated in Indian camps, as he was aware, where they were both popular and looked up to.

The end of the expedition was a stage ranch forty miles from the fort. No news here of the deserter. It was useless to go farther, and the party settled down for the night in such quarters as the place offered. Robert fell heir to the doubtful hospitality of the one bed, innocent of sheets. As he settled down between the gray blankets he doubted whether he were better or worse off than the wife of a friend of his who, traveling that way, rashly inquired of the ranchman whether the sheets then on the bed were clean. The man was grieved and aggrieved. "A very respectable party slept in them last night; that's all, ma'am." They had been since discarded as an unnecessary luxury.

The next day the soldiers retraced their way, following as before the winding river for some distance, then making for the fort by a short road. They researched several camps. In one of them Robert somewhat absently noticed another black white man. The latter was standing with his back to him, but Robert remarked his closely waved hair wool and picked him out for what he was. A grim visaged Crow handed him a pipe, which he accepted and smoked as Robert stood there. He was apparently an honored guest. "Every dog has his day," Lieut. Derby reflected as he strode away. He reached Cameron with his men without further delay and reported his failure to find the man who had deserted on the third day from his departure.

Have you guessed that it was Brissaye whom he came upon smoking the pipe of peace in the Crow tepee? If you have, it was more than Robert did. His vision had been crossed by a woolly head, a swarthy neck, a form huddled in a blanket. But Brissaye it was. He had eluded his pursuers by hook or by crook on the first day of their ride. Then while they slept at the stage ranch he had made friends first with a squaw man (white), then with a squaw, next with a hospitable buck. These had fed and lodged him, and in the end received him into their family. The terms of this treaty were being ratified when Derby rode along the second time. If Brissaye's hosts suspected that he was the deserter the soldiers were after they showed no signs of it.

That was in the early autumn. The winter went by monotonously under its heavy fall of snow. The hunting season opened as soon as the snow began to melt, and Derby went on a three days' hunt from the fort with the first party that was made up. They went into camp in as marked a position as they could find in that monotonous if fascinating country. For fascination there is undoubtedly in the vast grand sweep of sky and land of the same kind that holds one by the boundless sea. Derby strolled off by himself presently with his gun.

"Don't lose yourself, some one called out to him.

"No danger," he called back; and, in truth, it struck him as the simplest thing in the world to return to the camp by the way he had come. He wandered on and on, the serene uniformity of billowy plain confirming this impression by deceiving him as to the distance he had traversed. It was only when he began to feel hungry that he looked at his watch and saw that he had been gone three hours, resting and walking. Then he began to retrace his steps, and then he found that he had absolutely lost his bearings. After two more hours of wandering he dropped down exhausted. He had made no progress. He had been wandering round and round in a circle.

It began to be late in the afternoon, and it began to be bitterly cold. Derby realized his situation intensely. He, for whom life was so fair, so sweet, so lovely—he, young, strong, blessed, before the light of another day might be lying frozen stiff on these peaceful, treacherous solitudes, or else torn limb from limb by wild beasts. His friends, his sister, his mother, his love—was all this over for him? "Do you see this?—oh God!" he cried, with Laertes.

But in spite of growing exhaustion he kept moving, and thus he came all at once upon a tragedy that had been there before him. In a little hillock from which the snow had melted during the warm sun of the preceding day, all but a feathery white outline about the prone figure, lay a man wrapped in an Indian's blanket. His composed, regularly beautiful features, his dark pallor, might have belonged to an antique statue. The blanket was huddled about his head; it was only when Derby pushed it aside that he became aware that the hair of the man before him was not that of one of his own race. And then he recognized him; then he saw that he had found, thus strangely, the secretary of the English bishop at Old Point Comfort.

At first he thought he was dead, but the eyelids quivered ever so slightly presently, as Robert knelt beside the poor fellow and chafed the stony hands in his impulsive, warmhearted way. Yes, he had seen the chap before, of course, at the Hygeia that time; but what was he doing in this Indian toggery! Brissaye moved feebly, and turned his head away from Derby, who was forthwith impressed by another association. Where, besides, had he seen the curly wool, the back of that shapely head and neck? Still chafing Brissaye's hand, and presently pouring down his throat the last few drops of whisky that remained in his flask, the association of ideas strengthened and pervaded him. This was the black white man he had noticed in the tepee when he had searched it for the deserter from the fort on his return route. There was something in the desperate patience of the face before him which stirred the very depths of Robert's nature. Through what great straits had this poor soul come to this last strait of all? Slowly Brissaye's mournful eyes unclosed, looked at Robert, and knew him. It was the final blow; he gazed from right to left, wildly, weakly, like a hunted creature at bay. "You're all right," said Robert, encouragingly, beginning to pull off his overcoat to give to the other. "Keep up your pluck. I've strayed off from my party, but they'll come up with us presently, and look out for us both."

But, as he spoke, the deadly, lonely stillness was broken by an ominous sound—the howling of a wolf. He listened keenly, realized the voice of the foe, and met the emergency, "I've come to the end of my rope," he said to himself tranquilly, as he shouldered his rifle. He had but three cartridges left, but he fired one. Joy! his shot was answered. He fired again unhesitatingly, and his friends were close at hand. His last discharge brought them to him before night's solemn shadows had closed in on him and his companion. Robert Derby was not one of those on whom falls the shadow of an early doom.

He had dropped on his knees again beside Brissaye as soon as he was assured that he was rescued. But Leonce was far away. Death the comforter, Death the savior, had come to him, and led him into the safe and blessed haven that awaits at last inevitably all weary hearts. He lay crowned and mantled in the great final dignity when the party of soldiers stood about him with exclamations of pity and surprise. But no one recognized him then or afterward as the deserter of last year from Fort Cameron. That was his slender compensation and amends.

They carried Brissaye back to the fort. Something in the pathetic melancholy of his face moved them to do this, instead of burying him where they found him. Robert told Marion the story, and the girl came softly and shed a tear or two as Leonce lay in the deep peace of his blessed release. Some flowers had come to her by express that day from her lover in the east. Something moved her to lay all of these on Brissaye's still breast.—Katherine Read Lockwood in Harper's Bazar.

MOFFAT'S

Bloomfield and Montclair Directory

FOR 1887-8

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CHERRY MALT PHOSPHITES,

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Under the Management of W. R. HAYDEN, in the entirely new Society Comedy-Drama, entitled

WALDA LAMAR.

Seats reserved by Mail or Telephone.

PRICES—All Reserved—50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50.

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Carriages & Harness,

202 MARKET St., NEWARK.

Legal Notices.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey—Between Moses L. Gans, complainant, and Millie E. Corby, et als., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged premises.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House in Newark, on Tuesday, the twelfth day of April next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex county, New Jersey.

Beginning in the southerly line of Washington street at a point distant two hundred and eighty-three feet westerly from Railroad avenue; thence running south twenty-five degrees and fifty minutes west four hundred and sixteen feet and two inches; thence north six degrees and thirty minutes west eight and one-half inches; thence north five degrees and twenty-seven minutes east three hundred and sixty-one feet and nine inches; thence north seven degrees and eight minutes west fifty-eight feet and one inch; thence north twenty four degrees and sixteen minutes east twenty-eight feet and six inches to Washington street; thence along the same south sixty-four degrees and six minutes east one hundred and fifty-nine feet and one inch to the place of beginning. Being the same premises conveyed to the said Millie E. Corby by the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company by deed dated March 31, 1883, and recorded in the Register's office of the said county of Essex, in Book V. 21 of Deeds for said county, page 412. &c.

Newark, N. J., February 7, 1887.

WM. H. BROWN Sheriff

GUILD & LUM. Sol's. $5.40

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the Accounts of the Subscriber, Administratrix of Charles D. Graves, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Monday, the seventh day of March next.

ELIZABETH GRAVES.

Dated Dec. 29, 1886.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the Accounts of the Subscriber, Administratrix of Samuel Carl, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Monday, the sixteenth day of May next.

Dated March 8th, 1887. MARY P. CARL.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the Accounts of the Subscriber, Assignee of Cyrus Pierson, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Monday, the twenty-third day of May next.

JOSEPH D. GALLAGHER.

Dated March 14, 1887.

ASSIGNEES SALE.

The Subscribers, Assignees of the Estate of Lorenzo Williams, in pursuance of the statute made and provided for the sale of lands for insolvent debtors, will offer at public vendue at the hotel of Thomas Layland, in Roseland, on Wednesday, the 20th day of April, 1887, at two o'clock P. M., a certain meadow lot near Swinefield Bridge in Livingston Township, known as the Abner Williams lot about of 7 acres, and also a pasture and wood lot of about 30 acres, situate in West Orange Township, adjoining the farm of the late Jesse Williams deceased, known as the Burnside tract.

Conditions will be made known on day of sale.

JAMES A. WILLIAMS,
GEORGE E. DECAMP.

Dated March 10, 1887, Roseland. $3.60

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